Thursday 14th Sep 1933

Excuse the typing but my hand is perished with cold. Saturday wouldnt do for me either; nieces birthday party. Sunday I can be here; if youd let me know time; but I gather its awkward for you; so what about later? We shall stay on till 3rd or 4th Oct. Next week end is impossible; but after next week end I dont intend to have any more visitors. No; it wasn't your comments on th Waves; it was the insistence of my freinds that I should be always attheir beck and call. Two come tonight; and then again on Tuesday; Wednesday we go up to Lydias play; then my horror is that I must write an article on it; all because my freinds love me; and again must see Keynes &c. But as I say after next week I shall be freer; so choose which. And let me know. Excuse illiteracy; whistling wind and dead leaves whirling. V

that made me resign Literature.

Monday Oct 12/33

No I can't manage Monday. There's been a muddle, & I find I have to work & finish an article on Tarascon by Thursday, so that I must try to work between tea & dinner - & don't suppose I'll finish it. Even so I shall finish it. Now don't worry about your debts - I had not seen it. Also I'm rather worried about-

Quentin — the Dr. seems to think now that his
tuberculosis, when he will have to go to
Switzerland. So I'm in no great mood
for conversation (I don't mean that I'
really bad: only as a warning to Nina)
so my letter I don't mind your not
being able to cope with such flash.
So no more at
the moment. I'm trying vainly to steer
my way through people to an ordered outlook on
Herr Dermand Maccarthy. hopeless! V.

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL

Oct 17. 1933

32 T S. ~~to~~ Sunday

Sorry I didn't write before, but I couldn't make any arrangements. Last week was hard luck – L. for the flu, Josephine swarmed, I had to finish my article by Thursday. We went to Radnett a good deal batter on Saturday & have only just got back. I think of going up London altogether, only, as there now started an Engine which roars all over the manh at Radnett, that's no good. It's seldom get from 5 to 7 (my time for making up notes) without chatter, chatter chatter. So what give up novel writing. A

for letter writing — no — I can't write to you.
I know it's absurd, but my time I
think "This must be shown to someone —" 71
Yes, that's what you read — I've read your NYPL
letter. What you call "Killingly
Jenny Lillies" you always show: all my
letters are there parched at birth.
I daresay yours is the right method — Jack G
free publically — but I'm the very opposite —
Lord how opposite! Yes Sir. I conceit them
a killer a forum to anyone, niece or nephew.
Such — can't be helped. And I come back to
25 letters, all to be answered. With I write
about William Morris, work I sit, with I do,
work I play — By God, I won't.
And I've now lost Time, Tide no I don't know
where to send my subscription to. However. I'm
recovered, so that's all right; but Xena is taking off to
Switzerland by air, so that's rather dismal.
So Good night. V.

Rota 2.4.63

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Oct 26
1933

I could be in tomorrow for a few moments ~~at about~~ 6. ~~30~~ – if you want to come, as you say. But I feel – I may be wrong – that a meeting at this moment would simply mean talking up Vita, Elizabeth, my family (Le Gallienne) Young, (Bulkeley) – so we shall go on. And at the moment I am extremely worried, not ~~& this~~ what you call cutting out an item – this is to me at the moment excruciating personal cross examination

about your letter, or my mind,
or anything that vast. Only a muddle-
it'll blow over, in a day or
two: meanwhile I admit I'm
on edge. I can only read in your
letter (just come) the clever
to heap abuse on me
or rather find fault
with my character — justi-
fiably. I'm sure. Only I
should put it that we are
hopelessly & inconceivably different,
not right or wrong. So
choose for yourself. But I
admit I'm on edge & loathe
these bickerings — Henry
personalities

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

Oct 29
1933

52 TS. Sunday.

First fruits of the h.s. letter.

Friday morning: Telephone: "Kingsley Martin" here. Would you & Virginia dine on Monday or Friday next to meet Low?

L: Sorry. We're engaged.

K.M. Oh. Then would you dine Wednesday or Thursday the following week, to meet Low?

L: I must ask Virginia - She's out.

(Virginia. By God I won't dine any day the year with Kingsley Martin.)

K.M: Will you ring up when Virginia comes in & tell me what day you will dine then?

So we rang off, for the moment.

And I've had the supreme joy of telling two persistent friends that owing to my letter I can't refer their book, & send them my

phiz. And ades are cried to the press. And the bombardment goes on. & I'm having my last
Let us & it'll be shifted into November. —
I rather think I'm in bad odour with Maynard
Keynes, & not altogether popular with my NYPL
fellow authors.

Tonight I slip on a magnificent dress of purple
velvet & old lace & dine with 22 Jews —
Jewesses to celebrate my mother in law's 84th
birthday. And we shall play Bridge. And
it'll be as hot as the mouth of hell. And
tomorrow I shall have a headache & shant be
able to write. And then I shall sit & think of
Ethel & with the wicked cunning but revolving
the wind of God & blow through my life,
Weakling, as a Russian friend genuinely says,
I believe unlimitedness, & complete
anonymity to be the only endurable — dear
me what a Lenten — but then I'm so harried —
in which I can write. Not to be aware
as merely. And ah these people insist
that one must be aware & merely. That's why I
wont tell my friends. A woman has
written an essay in German on me — would
you read it? —

ROTA 2.4.63

What do I owe you for Jones?

1st Nov. 1933

Sir T. S.

Well, as the door-bell doesn't ring at the moment,
I've finished V.B. — some parts indeed I
read twice, owing to beginning a big interruption
Yes. Yes. Yes. That means. Thesis & Remedy
Good, judging them ♯ as I should a book taken from
the Times Book Club. Very witty, Easy, well
written, full of sparks & flares & Unexpectedness.
I see what I miss — intimacy — is ♯ the
result of his now coming to life, after being a
toad in an oak all those years. I get a letter
from the lunches, dinner & Pagliacci, &
Canterbury Tales that. But as I say, I see
the reason; & if you send me more — how
far do they go? — no doubt that
dancing out, Lust dissipation will vanish.
What why. Infant. I don't quite come to
grips with him. Rather as the men
always in evening dress — white waistcoat —
do on. I can't feel the grain he's
made of — can't get the full impression out

the state of my mind, as I do when I'm immersed myself in letters generally. But of course this may be the result of some plan between us. Too different? I want more — new chatter it? — just saying things as they come into my head. I can't catch him off his guard. But that, it may be, because he wants to do well. And that, of course, adds to the sparkle & the fun, & the sliding in & out & the gusts & cranks which are all new pleasing to me. Yes, I'd like to read the whole series through. — Yours in between. Now I get the grain of fun printed on the whole of my beige person.

Ottoline has not come, so I am alone — But Hubert & Mary became last night we sat up till one at the Hutchinsons to celebrate Barbara's engagement to Victor Rothschild, the Jew, the richest young man in England. And they burnt 23 Candles round a cake, & we each chose one, & mine — a green one — died first, so they say I shall be the first to leave the room & so am in to what it pleases you to call Heaven. How I'd like to see what you see when I say Heaven!

About the privacy campaign —

NYPL

Rota 2. 41 63

that stupid but entirely well meaning, but muddled
but incredibly bat eyed, mole mounted, dank
Grunting & grovelling in the mine of Flat Street
man, Kingsley Martin, seemed, from a remark of his
to L., to think I was annoyed at not
being caricatured: assured L. that Low did with it
a there was still space: so that I finally
wrote him a private letter which may open his
eyes: but there is no mark, so dealed to anything but
his own messy letter trade in leading article
that I doubt it. Anyhow, I said. The
reason I won't dine with you is because you have
that table Sutherdripe (low comedy
table — A table it can be called,) added: for the
K M's live in a high airy bracing room at
Hampstead, where there is nut on a chuck table
cloth & carbotypes from Albert Durer on mud coloured wall.
(That reminds me — here's L. come in do)
must hurry — I'm sending you a paper,
written by an exiled Jewess, on me, to
read at your leisure: for the offered to
pay a translator. And I said, knowing it to